

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1825.

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THIS OBSERVER

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INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.—Measure for Measure.

It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable illuence, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves! Such was my feeling of exasperation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part, picked up the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand and were pretty near out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and among the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed neither by rent, nor by title deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact measurement of my capability of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice, insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live forever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." "Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an insurance office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbor, I surmised that some of my fellow sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How indeed could plague or pestilence, gent or glutonous, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed when surrounded by a pack of ferriers, which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a project. In vain did the board endeavor to persuade them that they were half dead already.—They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them.—Some indeed had the good luck to be relieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No.—The rheumatism.—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were killed in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other?"

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh! never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I am dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles, with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apoplectic. You will no doubt go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I'll live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles—"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row" and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her late husband had insured his life.

"Sounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds, and a widow!"

"Ah, Madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. —, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

"The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too."

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say you lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be further examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound.—The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, Sir, in — street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harrum scurum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase money, I will stake you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, gratis."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I know was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bane upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door—and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceilings displayed a little heaven of Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle doves. The pictures were a series

of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heartsease and love lies bleeding; the very cany birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not fear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robbin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally, without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," I thought, "is the very creature I have been sighing for! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and I walked the fascinating object of my speculation. She was dressed in simple gray, wholly without ornament, and her dark-brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave to me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognise me. I was not quite prepared for this, and in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragements of volubly coquetry; and for a moment I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father, and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and life insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural; I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robbin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be *chef-d'œuvre*. Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger on the legs, as they say at the Insurance Office.—The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this in turn expanded into a laugh, like the laugh of Euphrosyne. "This was the very thing for me! I was always rather dashed by beauty on the sills; but I put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admiring looks, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had adjourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulously on the pavement, to be sure that the cole-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigny in the regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New-Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New-Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burnt to cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third, and the fourth, and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took it upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and at last with a mixture of limidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels.—One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom," I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle for I see you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her, "It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered, "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling disreputable vagabond,—but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend:—

Dear Sir—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies or a missionary in New-Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

THE RELIGION OF MAHOMET. In the reign of Omar, the second Khalifa, about the Hejran year twenty, (according to the Historian Ben Shohann) an Arab prince named Jibalah, chief of the Pagau tribe of Ghassanida, who wandered over the plains of Syria, professed a desire to renounce idolatry. With that intention he visited the court of Omar, to whom he did homage as his liege, and was initiated in the law. The Khalifa, feeling an interest in the voluntary sacrifice his guest had made, conceived a partiality for the prince, and took him with him on the pilgrimage to Mecca, with the intention to instruct him in the rites and mysteries incumbent upon devotees. In running the tour of the temple, conformably to custom, it happened that a pilgrim of ordinary rank took the prince by the sleeve and pulled him on one side, in order to pass himself, at which incivility Jibalah was so enraged that he struck the intruder a violent blow, and, not satisfied with the vengeance he had taken, continued a strain of vehement abuse, in which he reproached the man with insolent conduct towards a person of his quality. Omar, noticing the immoderate anger of the prince, and that he reiterated menaces and ill usage against a man whom he had already punished and turned out of the ranks; said to him, "Calm your transports, otherwise I shall cause that man to return the blow you gave him, for you ought to know that Islam has rendered you both equal; and the prince and the slave, when in the exercise of their worship, or acts of piety such as the functions of the pilgrimage, are but as men equal in all their prerogatives." Jibalah, stung to the quick by the words of the Khalifa, conceived so great a disgust that he promptly gave up his newly adopted faith, and retired to Constantinople, where he became a Christian.

A circumstance which occurred during my residence at the Court of Morocco, in the year 1811, is also illustrative of this point. The Sultan Mulai Soliman, conformably to his usual practice, visited the public mosque of Sidi Yousif on a certain Friday, but, being a little after time, the area was crowded with worshippers to the very portico. It happened, also, that the congregation were in the act of adoration (in a prostrate posture) and the Sultan could barely find room for the ceremony, by squeezing his body amidst a motley group who occupied the threshold, and that with great inconvenience, for his head, in lieu of touching the ground, repeatedly came in contact with the heels of a slave who occupied the space before him. This man, finding himself molested, left off his devotion to inquire into the occasion of it, but instantly recognising the features of the sovereign, he rested upon his feet, and would have retired on one side, had he not been restrained by the forcible grasp with which the Sultan held his bayk, and again dragged him involuntarily into the posture he had quitted.—When prayers were over, Mulai Soliman desired the attendance of the slave's master, whom he reprimanded for not inculcating into the mind of his vassal a true knowledge of the "law of God." To the slave he said, "Mark these words, which have a relation in common to the class you belong to: on the throne, in the palace, in the city or in the field, you shall know me for the sovereign commander of the faithful by day or night; but in the mosque, or at devotions, you shall not know me, as who I am, neither shall you know your own master, for, before God, the prince and the slave are equal, and must meet judgment according to their several actions, without distinction of rank."

Thus the religion of Islam, as it is properly styled, wherever it prevails, whether at the splendid Courts of Constantinople, Delhi and Morocco, or in the less ostentatious governments of interior Ethiopia, is uniform, as well in practice as in its influence upon the minds of men.—*Dupin's Jour. in Aschante.*

"WORTHY OF IMITATION." The N. Y. Observer, "a religious paper of some note," with this heading, states that a merchant in that city, on learning the advance on cotton in England, "in addition to the purchases on his own account, he purchased a quantity, the profits of which (\$197) he devoted to the funds of the Domestic Missionary Society." It may be well to inquire into the morality of this transaction, for if that morality is available which springs only from a pious motive, surely the religion of a man who thus obtains property to give away, is questionable. He knew the increased value of the commodity. His neighbor was ignorant. His neighbor in this case pays the money in the missionary Society, but he is the agent, and takes the credit to himself.—*Kene's Sent.*

Remedy for short Blankets.—An Irishman who was on board a ship, and who believed in ghosts, inquired of his messmates if the ship was haunted. "As full of ghosts as a church yard," replied they: "they are ten thousand strong every night." "This so terrible fact," that whenever he turned into his hammock, he pulled the blanket over his head and face, so that from his knees downwards he was naked and cold. "That there purser is a terrible rogue!" says Pat, "he serves out blankets that don't fit at all; they are too long at top and too short at bottom, for they cover my legs and ears, and my feet are always perishing with cold. I have cut several pieces off the top and sewed to the bottom, but it don't make it a bit longer."

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1825.

LOVELL'S FIGHT. Agreeably to previous arrangements, the centennial celebration, of *Lowell's fight* with the Indians at Pequawket, took place at Fryeburg on the 19th of last month.—We were prevented from attending it, and of course are rather more incompetent to judge than if we had been present. We have heard some little fault found with the Oration delivered on that occasion on account of its length, and some because it savored a little too much of party; but of this we are not certain. We should, however, feel sorry at this time, when the era of *good feelings* has just commenced, to have any thing take place, on an occasion like this, that should stir up party distinctions; and we hope that those, who find fault with the performances of that day, will consider that they will not be obliged to attend the next celebration of the kind, at Fryeburg, in 1925.

We perceive that the Rev. Mr. Rand has given his farewell address to the friends and patrons of the *Christian Mirror*, which is now to be conducted by a Mr. Parkhurst.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE assembled at Boston, on Wednesday of last week. There was no opposition to the election of the Hon. Levi Lincoln to the office of Governor, nor to the election of the Hon. Marcus Morton to that of Lieut. Governor. In the Senate, the Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee was chosen President, and Paul Willard, Esq. Clerk. In the House of Representatives, the Hon. Timothy Fuller was chosen Speaker, and Pelham W. Warren, Esq. Clerk.

BUNKER HILL ANNIVERSARY. We learn that the procession and ceremonies at Bunker Hill on the 17th inst. will be of the most showy and inspiring kind. The corner stone of the Monument will be laid in Masonic form, and it is said that fifteen hundred Knight Templars of that fraternity will attend in their appropriate robes, which are very rich. It is probable that the concourse of people will be very large.

MUCH LIKE A WHALE. Something quite as marvellous as the sea serpent took place off Cape Ann last week. It seems a new schooner was fishing on what is called the middle ground, when all of a sudden their vessel moved quite fast towards home; shortly after a Whale was seen to rise and blow about a cable's length from the vessel; he then sunk, and in a few moments rose again. The crew at this time wished the Captain to cut the cable; but "no," says he, "if we must, we will all go to Hell together." On raising the anchor, some of the entrails and skin of a Whale were found upon it.

PENNSYLVANIA, AGAIN. We had occasion to notice, a short time since, that the celebrated *George Kremer* was likely to be Governor of Pennsylvania; from recent information it appears that the people of that State mean to make things uniform, and have consequently elected an Ostler to the office of Colonel in the Northern Liberties, of Philadelphia. We should like to see the commander in chief, (*Kremer*), and this Colonel display their military skill. But we presume the chief qualification this Ostler has, is his name, which is one that some Yankee officers ought to have—it is *FLUCK*.

BUSINESS IN NEW-YORK. The following article, taken from the *National Journal*, is well worth the perusal of such as have heard of "stamp duties," and will serve to show the extent of commercial business in the great commercial emporiums of England and the U. S.

"It is stated in the New-York papers, that in seven days, 1115 new advertisements were published in the New-York Gazette, 213 of which appeared in one day. This may certainly be received as a strong proof of the extent of business transacted in that great and increasing city. While the paragraph containing the above information was lying before us, a file of the London Times, for the month of March, came to hand. Curiosity led us to look over the advertising columns of that paper, when, to our astonishment, we found in a single paper 630 advertisements, of which we presume about two-thirds or three-fourths to have been new ones. The lowest price of an advertisement in the Times, we are told, is seven shillings sterling (about one dollar and fifty-six cents); and the same sum is charged for every repetition. Taking the average charge for the 630 advertisements, at nine shillings, which is rather below the mark, the receipts for that single day's advertisements would be two hundred and ninety-two pounds, ten shillings, or *forty-seven hundred dollars*. The duty paid to the Government on each advertisement, as well as every repetition of an advertisement, is three shillings and six pence, somewhat over three-quarters of a dollar; and the stamp duty on every paper printed is four pence, with a deduction of 20 per cent. Taking the circulation of the Times at 6,000, the aggregate amount paid to the Government out of the proceeds of that single day's newspaper, was about *ninety hundred and eighty dollars*."

MURDER, ENCOURAGED. A Halifax, (N. C.) paper contains an advertisement for a runaway negro, aged about ninety years. The advertiser offers \$50 to the person who will bring him back, or \$100 for his head, and no questions to be asked. Such men we hope and believe are rare in the Southern States. We should certainly rather possess the head of the negro than the heart of the master who should offer a reward to encourage murder.

A LONG NAP. It is said in the last accounts from England, that a Persian girl in Weshphalia has been asleep for the last four hundred and fifty-one days. She was watched by two Physicians, and was still sound asleep when the last intelligence left there.

MASONRY. We learn from the *Catonsville Centinel*, that "on the 19th March, the Duke of York, Heir Apparent to the British throne, was advanced to the degree of Royal Arch Mason, at a special Chapter, over which his royal brother, the Duke of Sussex, as Grand Master of England, presided. The ceremony was very impressive. Lord Viscount Duncan, P. G. M. of Scotland, received the same degree. Of the brethren present, were the Duke of Lenister, Earls of Rosslyn, Donoughmore and Kingston; several Members of Parliament, and most of the Grand Officers of England and Scotland. The present King of England, is a mason of long standing, and when Prince of Wales was constant in his attendance on the lodge.

UNIVERSITIES. It is asserted in the English papers, that there are on the boards at Cambridge University four thousand and seven hundred Students, and at Oxford University four thousand, six hundred and sixty.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM. The following advertisement appeared not long since in Ballymore, (Ireland.)

"To be sold, one Cow, the property of James Scully—one new bed Sheet, the property of John Quin—seven hanks of Yarn, the property of the widow Scott—and one Petticoat and one Apron, the property of the widow Gallagher—seized under and by virtue of a levying warrant for tithes due to the Rev. John Esler."

Surely this preacher visits the widows and perhaps the fatherless, or sends some one to do it for him.

FOR THE OBSERVER.
THE DUTCH CAPTAIN'S
Best English in writing a Discharge!!
"I her Bey Certhey fey thad Amos Risley hase serft athowr of thuy onthermy Com mend and is her bey onnable des gersgt in Clas No- 3 Givin fromurher Mey hand this 21 day of december 1814
32 'Gd Mr- Mebt-
GEO. SNIDER, Capt."
A true copy, attest, YANKEE.

SUMMARY.

NOBODYS WORK, May 21.
Shocking Suicide.—A man by the name of Samuel Lyscomb, in the employ of Maj. Abram Wyman of Bloomfield, put an end to his existence on Thursday last, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol charged with shot. From the circumstances connected with the horrible deed it appears that he had deliberately formed the plan of destroying his life. Having obtained a pistol and ammunition he retired to his chamber, followed by Maj. Wyman's son, (a small boy) where he loaded it. His manner and actions appearing rather singular and terrifying to the boy, he immediately went below and informed his mother of what had transpired. Although no suspicions were entertained that an event of this kind was contemplated by Lyscomb, fears were excited that all was not right. Maj. Wyman being absent and no other man in the house, a girl living in the family, went up to Lyscomb's chamber. On opening the door she found him on his knees engaged in prayer, with a bible open before him on the bed. Having waited at the door till he had finished his prayer, she asked him what he was going to do. He replied, in substance, that he had determined to accomplish what he then had in contemplation and all that she or any one else could say would not prevent him. She then left the room, but before arriving at the bottom of the stairs, she heard the report of a pistol, and immediately returned to the chamber, when the bloody spectacle presented itself. He had laid himself on the bed and in that position discharged the contents of the pistol into his right ear, and instantly expired. We understand he was to have been married on the Sunday following.

Lyscomb came to Maj. Wyman's in August last, and was a deserter from Fort Proble.

HARTFORD, (Conn.) May 24.
Tragic Occurrences.—On the evening of the 15th inst. a Mr. Rowe, who had made his escape from the Retreat for the Insane in this town, called at the house of a Mr. Goodrich in Farmington, and asked for cider; he was told he would be supplied with food, but that he could have no cider. On receiving this assurance, he followed Mr. Goodrich to the well, and struck him on the head with a club. Mr. G. and his wife were alarmed at this outrage, and seeing that Rowe was a strong man, fled to the house of a Mr. Bird, a neighbor, for assistance. Mr. Bird, being accustomed to the care of an insane brother, was entirely unapprehensive of danger, and went to secure Rowe accompanied by Mr. G. and his wife. On his entering the first room no person was discovered, him on passing the door of the second, Rowe dashed him to the floor with an axe, which separated the skull on the back part of the head, and entered the brain. Goodrich and his wife fled to call the neighbors to their assistance. When they came, Bird was found dead, his head lying on the sill, and his body on the step of the outer door, and Rowe had made his escape. On Monday, the people, excited by the shocking events of the preceding night, searched for Rowe in all directions, and at dark placed a guard near a house which he had often visited for food, that they might apprehend him in the night, should he leave his concealment in the forest, and endeavor to gain the dwelling of his friend. After watching unsuccessfully through the night, and being overcome with fatigue and disappointment, one party stationed in a little grove, concluded to enter the house. On approaching the front door, they were met by a dog, hailed by another party, and requested to stop and answer. The concerted reply was given, but as the dog continued to bark it was unheard, and a Mr. Guenger of the 2d company discharged his gun and shot Mr. Bird well in the breast, as he was approaching the door. He lived about thirty minutes after receiving the injury. Guenger said to him "I suppose you will never forgive me?" "Yes I do," he replied, and soon after expired, without a suspicion of bad intention in Guenger. On Wednesday Guenger was carried before a Justice, witnesses examined to determine the degree of his guilt or carelessness, and he was recognised in a bond of \$750, to appear at the County Court. In the afternoon the funerals were attended at the meeting-house in Farmington, by a large assemblage of people, and the substance of the above narrative was given by the Rev. Mr. Potter. Bird left a mother, who is over ninety, a son, and an insane brother. Bodwell was young and unmarried. Both Rowe and Guenger are now in jail in this city. Thus, by the act of a person supposed to be insane, are two families in deep affliction, and two citizens, useful and respected, cut off in the midst of their years.

Since writing the above, we have heard the bond has been reduced to \$300, that Guenger has been bailed out of prison, and has returned to Farmington.—*Amer. Mercury.*

Powder Mill Explosion.—On Tuesday last, about 10 o'clock, A. M. the Pounding Mill, connected with the Powder Manufactory, belonging to Mr. Mills, of Canton, blew up with a terrible explosion, and a man by the name of Glenn, who was at work in the building, was so shockingly mangled by the explosion, that no hopes are entertained of his recovery.—*Id.*

COUNTERFEITS.—We learn that the spurious bills of the Green Mountain Bank, at Rutland, Vt. have fictitious signatures. The genuine bills are signed ROBERT TEMPLE, President, and WILLIAM PAGE, Cashier.

Counterfeit two dollar bills of the Washington and Warren Bank, are in circulation.

Counterfeit two dollar bills, of the Concord Bank, THOMPSON President, and KEATY Cashier, dated July 1, 1820, are also in circulation. They are so well executed as to escape detection by any but a critical eye. The paper is whiter than in the genuine bills.
Massachusetts Spy.

Caterpillars.—A friend of ours informs us, that the readiest way of destroying these mischievous insects, is, by firing a small charge of gunpowder into their nests, between the hours of 11 and 12, at which time they are all in. In this way a large orchard may be cleared of them in a short time, and thereby much fruit may be preserved.

A Census has recently been taken of the town of New-Bedford, from which it appears that the present population is 5,276, being an increase since 1820 of 1,379. There are in the town nine houses for public worship.

A Curiosity.—While some workmen were splitting staves in the town of Royallton, in New-York State, last week, a live frog was found in the timber, six inches from the outside. The tree was perfectly sound, excepting the space occupied by the frog, which was just wide enough to admit its body. The number of grains between where the frog lay and the bark of the tree, was thirty. The frog appeared lively, and evinced considerable joy on its release from confinement, by the free use of his limbs, which had been held so long in "durance vile."

The whole amount of specie imported into the United States during the year ending Sept. 30th, 1824, was \$3,047,598. Exported in the same period, \$7,014,552. Leaving a balance in the country of specie imported of \$1,933,026.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23.
The Mackerel Fishery.—Our correspondent at Cape Island, writes us under date of May 16, that there was about one hundred and thirty sail of vessels then lying at anchor in Cape May Roads, most of them fitted out in ports to the north of Boston for Mackerel fishing. Each will carry from 200 to 250 barrels, and, having mostly made up their loads, they are only waiting for a fair wind to sail for New-York.—Their crews amount to one thousand men, and are, generally speaking, industrious, hardy, and orderly.

Some crews, it is said, catch as many as forty barrels full a day.

The finding of the Court Martial, in the case of Midshipman Van Dyke, which pronounced him guilty of "conduct unbecoming a gentleman and an officer," has been submitted to President Adams, and not approved, on the ground that the evidence was not of a nature to justify the decision of the Court.

The editor of the *Ithaca Journal*, in a tour in Seneca county, New-York, met with a young farmer's wife in the town of Fayette, who a few weeks before had presented her husband with three fine boys at a birth. This woman has now five sons, the oldest of which is not three years of age.

Real this.—The wife of Mr. Michael Wilder, of Edenton, N. C. was lately delivered of a daughter weighing 15 3/4 pounds.

Done.—The wife of Mr. John Livingston, of Adams county, Pa. was on the 3d of May, delivered of four children, three daughters and one son, who were, on the 8th all living, and likely to do well.

Interesting.—It is said that Capt. PHILLIPS, of Baltimore, who was dismissed from the American Navy more than 20 years ago, has applied to be restored to the service, with some prospect of success.—Capt. P. was dismissed the service under the following circumstances. He commanded the sloop of war *Baltimore*, in the short war with France, and was part of the convey of merchant vessels from Charleston to the Havanna. The *Constitution* frigate having sprung one of her masts, returned to this country from the West India station; after which, the *Baltimore* being in company with a British squadron under the command of Com. Loxton, Capt. Phillips was invited to breakfast aboard. While absent from his ship, the British commander sent a lieutenant on board, who mustered his crew and took out several, claimed to be British subjects. Capt. P. on returning on board, struck his flag, but the English officer would not take possession of his vessel. On his return home, from his unfortunate cruise, NEITHER COURT MARTIAL NOR COURT OF INQUIRY was ordered, on the contrary, the repeated applications of Capt. Phillips to the Secretary of the Navy for an official inquiry, were unfortunately answered by refusal or silence.—and Capt. P. without being heard was dismissed from office.

American Bible Society.—The American Bible Society celebrated its 9th Anniversary, at N. Y. on the 12th ult. According to the Annual Report, then made, it appears the receipts of the last year, (exclusive of voluntary contributions towards the building of the Society's House,) amounted to \$46,501 81; and the expenditures for the same period, to \$47,599 31. There have been printed during the year 48,550 copies of Bibles and Testaments, making an aggregate of 451,902 Bibles and Testaments since the Society was founded. Since the last report, there have been issued from the Depository, 30,094 Bibles, 33,106 Testaments, and 651 copies of the Epistle of St. John, in the Mohawk & in the Delaware languages, making a grand total, since the institution of the Society of 372,913. Of those issued during the last year, 19,623 copies were issued gratuitously. Forty-four new auxiliary societies have been added, during the year, making in all, 451 recognised auxiliaries to the parent institution.

Gen. Lafayette.—The Nation's Guest arrived at St. Louis, Missouri, on the 29th April, where he was greeted with great cordiality. He was accompanied by the Louisiana and Tennessee Committees. He was met at St. Louis by the Governor of Illinois, who, with others, accompanied him to Kaskaskia. Great preparations are making at Cincinnati, Ohio, for the reception of Gen. Lafayette. Gen. Harrison was to address him—a splendid Ball is preparing, and the Ladies have formed a company to meet him on horseback—they have been out drilling several evenings!

National Tract Society. On Wednesday, the 11th instant, the first general meeting of this Society was held at the City Hotel, in N. Y. The funds of this institution amount to \$20,000 to defray the expense of a building for the Society, and for other purposes. The first stone of the building was laid on that day, on a lot of ground purchased for the institution, at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets.

The State of Rhode Island, containing but 31 towns, has 43 banks in operation. Still the banks of that state are in as good credit as any in the United States.

On Monday the 9th inst. the Jail at Newport, R. I. was left without a single prisoner of any description, all having been released by process of law.—*Ad. Argus.*

CALAMITOUS FIRE IN PROVIDENCE. From the Providence American, of 24th ult.

HALF PAST 2 o'clock A. M. We stop the press to announce the ravages of the most destructive fire which has occurred in this town since the year 1801. It broke out a little past 11 o'clock, in a workshop occupied by Mr. Rhodes G. Allen, Cabinet Maker, situate on the rear of Westminster street, and near to the Universalist Chapel. The wind was quite fresh, and notwithstanding the most energetic and unremitting efforts of our citizens, the progress of the fire could not be arrested before it had consumed the building in which it originated—the three-story dwelling-house owned by the heirs of the late James Rhodes, the dwelling-house (including a Grocery store) owned and occupied by Capt. Samuel Young, the house at the corner of Union-street occupied by Mr. Oliver Carpenter, the house immediately adjoining, owned by the heirs of Peter Taylor, and occupied by Mr. Richard S. Uplike, the house on the north side of Westminster-street owned by General Carrington and occupied by Mr. T. B. Fenner, together with that ornamental edifice, the Universalist Chapel, erected a few years since at great expense, the walls only of which, we regret to say are left standing.—Several dwelling-houses were injured by the fire, some of them seriously.

A wide-spread conflagration was apprehended—the fire having occurred in one of the most compact and combustible parts of the town; and it is owing, under Divine Providence, to the untiring and judicious efforts of our fellow-citizens, that one of the fairest portions of our town was not reduced to a melancholy heap of ruins. Numbers removed their goods and furniture, and the first Light Infantry promptly assembled for the protection of the property exposed to injury and depredation.—At this late hour, and amid the confusion and fatigue incident to this calamity, we have neither time nor means to be more particular. We believe, however, that the preceding statement will be found substantially correct.

Among the articles of merchandise stored in the cellar of the Universalist Chapel, were 100 bales of Cotton belonging to a respectable house in this town.

The street in Providence in which the late calamity occurred is one of the handsomest and most extensive in New-England. Letters attribute the fire to an incendiary. The loss of Cotton is estimated at \$30,000.—*B. Centinel.*

NEW YORK, May 21.
Boat Race. The promised great race for a purse of 2000 dollars, between the Boat owned by the *Richmond* (Staten Island) Boat Club, built by Mr. John Babbist, and a Boat called the *Whitehall*, built by Mr. Wm. De La Montagnie, and owned by Major Howard, took place yesterday morning agreeably to appointment. The Boats started at 10 o'clock from Robbins' Reef, near the Quarantine Ground, to a stake boat anchored near Castle Garden, a distance said rather to exceed five miles. As near as can be ascertained, it was performed in a few seconds less than 25 minutes. It was a handsome and well contested race—the Staten Island boat was ahead nearly the whole of the first mile, when the Whitehall boat took the lead and came out from 40 to 50 yards ahead.

The *Whitehall* was rowed by Albert Cammeyer, Cornelius Cammeyer, Richard Robbins, and Charles Beateau, and steered by John Magnus. The three first named were of the number who gained the palm in the contest with the boat belonging to Capt. Harris, of the British frigate Hussar.

The *Richmond* was rowed by Jacob Draiste, Abraham Brasted, Ortery Simonson, and Jacob Van Pelt, and steered by John Palmerton.

After the race, the victorious boat was carried to Castle Garden amidst the shouts of the multitude. The day was extremely fine, and the water smooth. It was calculated that from thirty to forty thousand persons were on the spot. The bay was literally covered with steam boats, sail boats and row boats.

Hos. JOSEPH BARTLETT. This merry wight, who has passed through sixty-three summers, and since his entrance at Harvard University, the *alma mater* of our hero, occupies hourly all the pursuits and professions of life, on and off the stage, is about publishing at Boston, a memoir of himself and his own times. From this publication we look for much interest as well as amusement, and we think the author himself, well known for the generosity of his nature and the constancy of his friendship, may anticipate a rich harvest from the work. Few men have contributed more to the pleasure of others than Mr. Bartlett. It will be our turn to cheer his passage and to smooth his descent to the earth, the common parent of us all. Mr. Bartlett's journey through life has brought him into playful as well as hostile contact with the first wits of England, as well as America; but although the work be desirable of itself, the circumstances which now call for it have occasioned much sorrow to his early associates and friends.—*N. Y. Nat. Ad.*

Distressing Incident.—The morning of the day after left Lagayard, and was young man about 20 years of age, generally beloved. We have conversed with the passenger in the Co. and Mr. Lynch had the morning being retired to the cabin. We went on deck alone, and not being able to find him, we were obliged to send a dispatch, but a five knots an hour, and could not find him. It is all over with me. By uncaring the spot and the him at the moment minutes, they returned was made to rest man but the victim. In their haste the in the bottom of the the brig it was near more it would have gone to the bottom. At ten o'clock the the capt. in reading crew, and many attend, standing whole scene, as desolating nature.

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Distressing Incident.—About three o'clock on the morning of the day after that on which the brig James (utter left Lagayra, Mr. Wm. Lynch, jr. fell overboard, and was unfortunately drowned.—He was a young man about nineteen years of age, the only son of Mr. Wm. Lynch, merchant, of this city, and was generally beloved by his acquaintance.

We have conversed with a gentleman who came passenger in the Coultter, and who informs us that he and Mr. Lynch had remained on deck till two o'clock, the morning being uncommonly pleasant. They then retired to the cabin, but Mr. Lynch soon afterwards went on deck alone, to enjoy the moonlight, his companion not being disposed to accompany him. As he was mounting to the quarter deck, the vessel gave a lurch, and he was thrown overboard. His cries for assistance were heard, and the boat was got out with all despatch, but as the brig was going at the rate of five knots an hour, and a heavy sea rolling, the necessary aid could not be rendered in time. To the last exhortation of the sailors to support himself, he replied "it is all over with me now."—The Lord have mercy on me." By uncommon exertion the boat reached the spot and the mate throwing himself forward seized him at the moment he was sinking. In about fifteen minutes, they returned to the vessel, and every effort was made to resuscitate the unfortunate young man, but the vital spark had fled forever.—In their haste the sailors had neglected to insert a plug in the bottom of the boat, and when it returned to the brig it was nearly full of water. In two minutes more it would have sunk, and all hands in it have gone to the bottom.

At ten o'clock his body was committed to the deep, the captain reading the funeral service, and all the crew, and as many of the passengers as were able to attend, standing with their heads uncovered. The whole scene, as described to us, was of the most affecting nature. *Philadelphia Gazette.*

SOUTH AMERICA.

LOVE OF LIBERTY.

The third Renunciation of the Presidency of Colombia, made by the Liberator.

To His Excellency the President of the Senate.

Excellent Sir—The peace of Peru, which our arms have effected, by the most glorious victory of the new world, has determined the war on the American Continent. Thus Colombia has no longer an enemy in her own territories or in those of her neighbors. I have therefore fulfilled my mission, consequently it is time to realize the promise I have so often made to my country, of retiring from public life when an enemy was no longer to be found in America.

All the world observes and confesses that my continuance in Colombia is no longer necessary, and no one is more sensible of this fact than myself. I must even add that I deem my glory at its height, on beholding my country free, consolidated, and tranquil ere I withdraw from its glorious shores. My absence in Peru has manifested the truth of this fact, and I flatter myself that in future, the liberty and glory of Colombia will still further increase. The Legislative body, the Vice-President, the army and the nation, have demonstrated in the very outset of their career, that they are worthy of liberty, and fully capable of sustaining it against every opposition. Let me honestly confess to Your Excellency, that I wish that both Europe and America should be satisfied of my abhorrence of supreme power, under whatever aspect or name it may be conferred on me. My feelings are wounded by the atrocious calumnies lavished on me, at once by the liberals of America, and the serviles of Europe. Day and night I am disquieted by the impressions that my enemies entertain of my services in favor of liberty being prompted by ambition.—In short, I venture to state to Your Excellency with unusual frankness, which I hope will be excused, that I think the glory of Colombia will suffer by my continuance in her territories; inasmuch as it will always be imagined that she is threatened by a tyrant; and the outrage thus offered to me will in some sort tarnish the lustre of her virtues, since I form a part, although the least, of the Republic.

I beg Your Excellency will be pleased to submit to the consideration of the Senate, my renunciation of the Presidency of Colombia. Its admission will be an ample recompense for my services in both Republics.

Your Excellency will please to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

SIMON BOLIVAR.

Lima, December 22, 1824.

ANSWER.

To his Excellency the Liberator and President of the Republic of Colombia.

Senate House, Bogota, Feb. 11, 1825.

Excellent Sir—In conformity with the communication I had the honor to make to Your Excellency in my note of the 1st inst. I assembled the two legislative Chambers on the 8th inst. at night, in order to deliberate in their wisdom, on the renunciation made by Your Excellency, of the Presidency of the Republic.—The communication of Your Excellency having been read, and this delicate affair proposed for discussion, a most profound and dignified silence prevailed for some time. This truly expressive silence, a silence more eloquent than human language, continued for the space of fifteen minutes. The females, and numerous spectators, who occupied the galleries of the Senate, were immovable, and anxiously awaited the decision of the legislature. At length the question of the retirement of Your Excellency was put to the vote, and I have the pleasure of announcing its rejection by the seventy-three members composing the Congress; namely, twenty-one senators and fifty-two representatives. Then it was that this amiable people, this people that adore its Liberator, could not restrain its transports of joy. The clapping of hands was heard for the first time in the Chamber. Your Excellency was cheered with the most lively enthusiasm, and the legislators also were applauded for having manifested so correct a judgment in this august deliberation. All was joy, all was gaiety. The people, Sir, knew not how to express their

feelings of satisfaction, tenderness, and pure delight. In short, they proved how precious to them was the father of Colombia, the friend of the human race, in a mode as sincere as it was energetic. Your Excellency would have been deeply afflicted, had you (fortunately for us) beheld this moving scene. The cherished, the respected name of Simon Bolivar, resounded throughout Bogota, and the numerous assemblage of both sexes, that with contented hearts crowded the streets, contributed to the solemnity of this act of Congress. There was not an individual who did not repose more tranquilly for knowing that Your Excellency continued in the Presidency of the Republic.

Such are the events of the memorable night of the 8th of February which I have the satisfaction of communicating to Your Excellency.

Your Excellency will please to accept the sentiments, of my distinguished consideration and respect.

LOUIS A. BARALT.

President of the Senate.

FOREIGN.

[From the Salem Register.]

LATE FROM CALCUTTA.

Capt. Saunders, of the ship George, which arrived here on Tuesday, in the short passage of 100 days from Calcutta, has obligingly favored us with files of Calcutta papers to the 4th of Feb. last.

The war with the Burmese still continued. The papers are filled with accounts of the operations of the British armies invading that empire, of the movements of troops to reinforce them, and contain the particulars of several encounters with the Burmese, in all which the British forces are represented to be successful. The head quarters of the British at the latest date, were at Rangoon, but divisions were advancing in different directions, and the main body were expected soon to move towards Ava, the capital of the Empire. The Burman prisoners stated, that the loss of the Burman Army, from the 1st to the 14th December, (at which last date a great battle was fought near Rangoon, when the Burmese were completely routed and dispersed) amounted to fifteen thousand men, with the whole of their artillery, &c. Notwithstanding these defeats, the Burmese were stated to be making the greatest exertions to rally their scattered troops, and to collect an immense force to renew the attack upon the English at Rangoon. The English force at that place was stated at 12 to 15,000 Europeans, and 3,000 natives. The loss of the British is represented to be very small in the different actions, but the death of several valuable officers is lamented in the papers.

SINGAPORE, Nov. 25.

EARTHQUAKE AT MANILLA.

By the Hope, the latest arrival from the Philippines, we are concerned to hear that these countries have lately been visited by a dreadful earthquake and hurricane, which have caused much distress amongst the inhabitants and laid a considerable part of the city of Manilla in ruins.

Several slight shocks of the earthquake had been felt throughout the Island of Luzon, during the month of October. On the 26th of that month a most severe shock was experienced in the town and suburbs of Manilla, which demolished several of the churches—one of the bridges over the river and many of the private houses. About 4 miles above the town and close to the river, the earth opened with a tremendous explosion and shortly afterwards shoals of dead fish were seen floating down the river into the sea. All the respectable inhabitants of Manilla removed into the country, and left the town quite deserted. The military barracks having been laid level with the ground; tents were pitched for the soldiers on a plain at a short distance. This encampment was totally destroyed by the hurricane which came on the 1st inst. The roofs were blown off many of the remaining houses and six of the vessels in the roads were stranded.

This is the most severe earthquake which has been experienced in Manilla since the memorable one of 1796, and the loss of human lives, although not correctly ascertained, was generally believed to have been very considerable.

Dreadful Earthquake at Algiers.—Extract of a letter from Algiers, dated March 7.—"On Wednesday, the 2d inst. this city and neighborhood was visited by a tremendous earthquake, which continued at intervals for the five following days. It has thrown down several houses and injured many others, and has totally destroyed the town of Blida, one day's journey from this, burying in its ruins nearly all the inhabitants. Out of a population of 15,000 souls, chiefly Moors, Jews and Arabs, 300 only have been saved, and those in a sadly mutilated state. The first two shocks which occurred, at two minutes, and at 42 minutes after 10 A. M. were extremely violent, and the motion both circular and perpendicular. On the same evening two more shocks occurred; Thursday evening three, on Friday two, on Saturday two, and on Sunday, between the hours of 1 and 3 A. M. two more, which it is to be hoped may be the last. To-morrow I propose going to visit the ruins of that ill-fated town, where, I am told, a horrible scene of devastation presents itself; 7000 dead bodies have already been dug out. In one spot, supposed to be a Jewish seminary, the bodies of 280 children were found, and a vast number of persons in the ruins of the mosques, where the people had congregated, the earthquake having occurred in the hour of prayer (10 o'clock!) In the immediate neighborhood of the town, the earth has opened in large interstices of from 8 to 10 feet wide, and as many deep; and it is worthy of remark, that the same phenomenon which generally preceded the eruption of Aetna and Vesuvius, occurred at Blida—namely, all the wells and the fountains in the neighborhood became perfectly dry.

There is one circumstance which I have omitted to mention, that an excellent barometer I have, kept gradually falling for some days before the earthquake, whilst the weather indicated no change whatever, other than that on the day it happened, my thermometer rose suddenly from 58 to 62 and 1-2 degrees, which is a very extraordinary occurrence.

The following singular notice appears in a late Irish paper:

"Progress of Christian Knowledge in Connaught.—Whereas the Church of Headford was, on the night of Saturday, the 5th inst. broken open and Three Large Prayer Books, Twelve Testaments, together with the Clergyman's Surplice, feloniously taken therefrom, this is to give notice, that I have ordered a supply of Books of the same description, which I shall be happy to distribute gratuitously, in any quantity, to those who appear so anxious to obtain religious knowledge, without subjecting them to the danger of transportation.

R. J. MANEGH ST. GEORGE."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Blue Color.—A blue color may be prepared from verdigris as follows: Take sal-ammoniac and verdigris, of each 6 ounces; mix them well together with one ounce of tartar to a paste: put this into a vial and stop it close; let it stand for several days, and you will have a fine blue color.

Willitt's Domestic Encyclopedia.

Composition for preserving Weather-Boarding. A cheap and durable composition for preserving weather-boarding, may be made in the following manner: Take three parts of air-slacked lime, two of wood ashes, and one of fine sand, or sea coal ashes. Sift these through a fine sieve, and let them be well mixed; then add as much linseed as will bring the whole to a consistence fit for working with a painter's brush. At first give the weather-boarding a thin coat of this mixture; and when that is dry it can be conveniently worked. This composition is cheaper and more durable than paint: it is also impenetrable to the weather, and not liable to be injured by the action of the weather, or the heat of the sun.

Blood.—The blood and offals of animals are one of the most powerful manures, and no farmer who slaughters animals should suffer it to be wasted on his floor. Animals, which are slaughtered should be placed in such a position that the blood may be transferred to the manure heap or mixed with earth to form compost. It is used in the arts for making Prussian blue, for clarifying certain liquors, and very large quantities are employed in the manufacture of loaf sugar. Also in dyeing the Turkey and Adrianople red. It is recommended as an excellent manure, when poured in the spring on the roots of fruit trees, having previously removed the soil round the trunk; thus used it promotes the growth of the tree and enriches its fruit. A mixture of blood with quick lime forms an exceedingly strong cement, and has therefore been used in forming canal lutes.

[From the New-England Farmer.]

REMEDY FOR BOTTS IN HORSES.

In the New England Farmer, page 180 of the current volume; we published an article from a highly respected correspondent, stating in substance that he cured a horse which had been afflicted with a cough for three years, by putting a tea-cup of air-slacked lime into half a pail full of rye bran, wetting and stirring it up, and giving it to his horse once each day. "In a week his cough abated, and in a fortnight was entirely gone." The following remedies for another disease we publish, without wishing to become responsible for their efficacy, from a work published at New York.

Dr. Morgan's (of N. Jersey) remedy for the Botts. Take a table spoonful of unslacked lime, and let it be given with the feed of the horse, at night and morning, regularly, for three, four, or five days, and it will completely expel the botts.

Dr. Loomis' (of North Carolina) remedy for botts. Make a drench, composed of half a pint of new milk, a gill of molasses, an ounce of copperas, two spoonfuls of common salt, and half a pint of warm water. Give this to the horse once or twice a day for a few days, and it will completely expel the botts.

Some recommend spirits of turpentine given as a drench, and others advise to apply that substance to the breast and stomach of a horse. Willitt's Encyclopedia says botts may be cured by giving the horse a spoonful of sawin, cut small, once or twice a day, in oats or bran moistened, to which may be added three or four cloves of garlic. Purges of aloes and jalap likewise to be given at intervals.

Botts are produced from the eggs deposited by a fly on the hafts of horses. The fly is about the size of the honey-bee, and the head and neck not much unlike it. It flies with its head and body erect, and perpendicular to the horizon, while its tail forms a sharp angle with its body, being bent towards the horse, so that it touches the hair of its legs or belly, (which are parts at which the insect generally aims) only with the extremity of its tail, and in this way it will fly about him for an hour, discharging a great number of eggs, which adhere to the ends of the hair. The ends of the bott-fly are introduced into the stomach of the horse by his licking and biting the part on which the eggs are deposited.

As the means of guarding against botts, some think may be accomplished by destroying the parent insect, while buzzing about the horse.—The nits or eggs should be scraped off, with a sharp knife as fast as they appear. Some writers assert that a handful of salt, given to horses, once a week, will prevent any bad effect from botts. This, however, as the newsman say, is a matter, which wants confirmation; but there can be no doubt but the health of the horse, in other respects would be promoted by the occasional use of salt with his food, and perhaps salt given with regularity and in due season may prove a specific against botts.

Antidote against Poisons.—A Correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisonings, and particularly to the melancholy fate of the late royal academican, Mr. Owen, adds:—"I may venture to affirm, there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, and immediate remedy for such events, which is nothing more than a desert spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drank immediately: it acts as an instantaneous emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where one is required. By a mistake, where a gentleman took a full ounce of poison instead of salts, the casters were fortunately at hand, and no doubt an invaluable life was preserved to his family by giving the mustard directly. By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end."

Remedy for heaves in Horses.—Take one pound and a half of good ginger, for a horse.—Give two table spoonfuls a day—one in the morning and the other in the evening, mixt with wheat bran. This receipt has been selling at \$5 to the eastward, where the efficacy of the above medicine has been proved in the cure of several cases of obstinate heaves.

Docking Horses.—A writer in the American Farmer considers the practice of docking horses as injudicious, absurd and cruel. He says long tails are universal in Spain, France and Italy, and that the Cossacks, Arabs and South Americans, who almost live on horseback, never dock their horses.

Epilepsy.—A Physician, of Tribel near Soran, has discovered that the root of the common wormwood, is an efficacious medicine in epilepsy. He recommends gathering this plant in autumn; drying it in the shade without being washed; and not pulverizing it till it is wanted for use. It should be administered in the form of powder as soon as signs of the approach of the fit are manifested. To an adult it may be given in a dose from 50 to 70 grains, in a warm liquid. After the patient has taken the medicine, he should go to bed & cover himself well up, and not remove from it till the perspiration has ceased.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank "M." for the communication sent us. It shall appear in our next: "Oithona's" & "Liner's" will appear next week.

INSTALLATION.

On Thursday last, the Rev. SETH STETSON was installed as Pastor of the First Universalist Society in Salem. The exercises were as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Winchester, of Charlestown; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Dean, of Boston, from 2d Cor. xii. 14—"Behold the third time I am ready to come unto you, and I will not be burdensome to you: for I seek not yours but you: for the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children." Installation Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, of Boston; Charge, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Gloucester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, of Boston; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Ballou, of Roxbury. The performances throughout were able, impressive, and appropriate, and were generally distinguished by a candid and liberal spirit. That censoriousness and uncharitableness towards Christians of a different belief, which are too often manifested on similar occasions, were happily avoided. The music, under the direction of Mr. Danforth, was excellent; two anthems were performed in a style highly creditable to the Choir, and the hymns were sung with the best effect. After the services, the officiating and other Clergymen, a large number of the Society, and several invited guests, dined together at the Salem Hotel.—Register.

MARRIED.

In Hebron, by Rev. James Hooper; Mr. Samuel Merrill, to Miss Pamela Fuller. In Falmouth, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. Asa Rand, Major Frederick Merrill, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Ozias Merrill. If this marriage is lawful, Frederick is now the lawful son of his brother Ozias, or in other words, his son-in-law, and by the same rule she is now her father's sister. E. Argus.

DIED.

In this town, Mr. Joseph Chesley, of Buckfield, aged 35 years. He was a soldier in the French war, and also in the American Revolution. In Athens, Mrs. Jane, wife of Deacon Joseph Lindsey, formerly of this town, aged 39 years. In Falmouth, Mr. Joseph Merrill, in the 33d year of his age, son of Mr. Beniah Merrill. In Shrewsbury, on the 6th ult. Mr. Aaron Smith, aged 39. In Rutland, on the 8th ult. Mr. Jeremy Hodges, aged 45. In Grafton, on the 13th ult. the widow Sarah Sherman, aged 77. In Livermore, on the 20th ultimo, Miss Deborah Norton, daughter of Elder Ransom Norton, in the 18th year of her age, after a long & distressing illness, which she bore with great patience and pious resignation. She was a convert of the late reformation, and ever after lived and walked in conformity to the precepts of her dear Redeemer, and died with the most perfect resignation to his sovereign will, under a view of a bright and joyous prospect of a glorious immortality. The church is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments; and society of a faithful and affectionate friend. She was buried on the next Lord's day, after her death. An impressive discourse was preached at the meeting house, by Elder Nutter, to an afflicted family and an unusually large audience, from the following text: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and staff they comfort me;" being the words she selected for that purpose, before her death. It is remarkable, that in the midst of the service, when Elder Nutter was about to improve upon the remarks he had made, Elder Norton's house took fire on the roof, by the sparks that fell from the chimney, which was seasonably discovered and providentially quenched by the generous and spirited exertions of the people, who had assembled to attend the funeral. If the fire had raged ten minutes longer, before it was discovered, it is believed that the house must inevitably have been consumed. [Communicated.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN on Execution, and to be sold at Public Auction, on Friday, the twenty-fourth day of June next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the Store of Capt. Davis Washburn, in Dixfield, in said county all the right in equity of redemption which JOSEPH YETTEN has in and to a certain Filling Mill, which the said Yetten now occupies and improves, in Dixfield aforesaid, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging; being the same real estate which one Joseph Hosley mortgaged to Dexter Walker, Esq. and which the said Walker assigned to Oliver Otis, and for a more particular description of said premises, reference being had to the said Hosley's mortgaged deed and the said Walker's assignment of the same. HASTINGS STRICKLAND, Jr. Deputy Sheriff: Dixfield, May 25th, 1825. 48

TANNER AND CURRIER WANTED.

WANTED to employ immediately, for a few months, a journeyman, who is a good workman, at the above business. JOSEPH SHACKLEY. Norway Village, June 1, 1825.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER. TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED SISTER.

Farewell, dear sister, thou hast done
With all thy pains, and woes, and cares;
And left me here to grieve alone,
Surrounded by ten thousand snares.
Deeply engrav'd upon my breast,
Thy memory ever shall remain;
No, never, shall it be eras'd,
Till we in Heaven shall meet again.
I love thy memory to recall:
I love to think thy virtues o'er;
And all the troubles that befall,
Shall rivet my affection more.
Yes, in my heart thou'lt left a void,
Which nothing in this world can fill;
And, till I drop this earthly clod,
Thy memory I would cherish still.
Yet why should I thus grieve for thee,
Or mourn like those who have no hope?
What is my loss, thy gain must be;
This soothing hope shall bear me up.
Let me but walk in wisdom's ways,
And follow those who're gone before;
With faith and patience run my race,
And soon we meet to part no more.

THE OXFORD POET.

[From the United States Gazette.] RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

Mountains of Israel: rear on high
Your summits crowned with verdure new,
And spread your branches to the sky,
Refringent with celestial dew,
O'er Jordan's stream of gentle flow;
And Judah's peaceful valleys smile,
And far reflect the lovely glow
Where ocean's waves incessant toil.

See where the scattered tribes return;
Their slavery is burst at length,
And purer flames to Jesus burn,
And Zion girls on her new strength;
New cities bloom along the plain,
New temples to Jehovah rise,
The kindling voice of praise again,
Pours its sweet anthems to the skies.

The fruitful fields again are blest,
And yellow harvests smile around;
Sweet scenes of heavenly joy and rest,
Where peace and innocence are found!
The bloody sacrifice no more
Shall smoke upon the altars high—
But ardent hearts, from hill to shore
Send grateful incense to the sky!

The jubilee of man is near,
When earth, as heaven, shall own His reign!
He comes, to wipe the mourner's tear,
And cleanse the heart from sin and pain.
Praise him, ye tribes of Israel! praise
That King who ransomed you from woe;
Nations! the hymn of triumph raise,
And bid the song of rapture flow!

CROSSING THE LINE.

The old but unremembered ceremonies formerly used on crossing the equator have been very often described, but rarely with as much liveliness and humor as in the following extract from a journal kept during a voyage to the South Seas and Canton, in 1796, and lately published in the New-York Daily Advertiser.

"On the 27th Dec. we crossed the Line; and at about 4 o'clock commenced the frolic with the raw hands. We were hailed from under the bows of the ship, and demanded of whether the vessel's name was—as Neptune 'had been cruising for us several days.' When we answered in the affirmative, he said he would come on board, and immediately made his appearance over the bows accompanied by Mrs. Neptune (his wife) and his barber, having ordered 'his boys' off, in his 'stone canoe with paddles of whale-bone.' Neptune himself had on a red flannel cap, and an old turreted pair of trousers, which came a little below his knees. His feet and legs, for about the height of a pair of half boots were covered with a coat of slush and tar, which he said kept the water out, and prevented the fish from picking at his feet when he occasionally took his morning walks. An old Pea-jacket in not very good repair was thrown over his shoulders like a Spanish roquelaure; and he wore a red flannel shirt, a cravat of red bunting, large enough to cover the lower part of his face, so that he could scarcely get his trumpet to his mouth, and left his face so much concealed, that it puts it out of my power to describe any of the features excepting the eyes, in which there was nothing extraordinary. His voice appeared very coarse and affected, and he was very sprightly, although he said he was 'several hundred years old.'

His wife was rather fancifully dressed, although very little of the female in it, she had a man's hat on her head, tied under the chin with a rope yarn, and a great coat tied round her waist; an American jack over her head and shoulders answered for a veil and shawl; she was also barefooted, with a bottle of rum in one hand and a broom-stick in the other. Her features generally were very masculine; her voice I could not judge of, as she had so hard a cold that she could but whisper. The barber who accompanied them was indifferently dressed, and had very little about him that spoke his occupation at first view; for his razor was a piece of an old iron hoop, well rusted, his lather made of slush and tar, his brush an old pitch-mop, and his hone a coarse file, which served to notch rather than smooth the edge of his razor. He acted in several other capacities besides that of barber; for he was ordered to call over from his list, that part of the crew who had never before visited his master's dominions. This was more formal than necessary, for unaccountable as it may appear, Neptune himself by some strange magic knew every one of them as soon as he could get his eyes upon them. It was natural enough that he could know which had and which had not visited him before; but that he should know the latter by name may appear strange; but so it was.

After shaking hands with the Captain, and so on with all of us old acquaintances, he said it was his duty, as master of the Ocean, to proceed in initiating into his family those new visitors. Being nine in number, they were ordered below; that preparations might be made. The lathering pot was filled up and the razor put in order, that they might be well shaved before they should be initiated. One was then called up blind-folded; in this there seemed to be some freemasonry; he was seated over a hog'shead of water in such a manner that by merely striking away a small supporter he could be made to fall in, and thus might be washed without inconvenience. The lather was put on, and he was asked if he wished his upper lip shaved: but while answering in the affirmative, the barber very carelessly filled his mouth full of lather. This vexed him, which was not surprising; he began to swear; but the barber, whether from carelessness, or a good disposition, to prevent his swearing, kept his brush going so smartly that the only security the fellow had was to keep his mouth shut. "Being well lathered, the shaving begun. That was really a tough operation, and I believe that if he had not been afraid to open his mouth he would have begged hard to be excused from it. After getting his beard off, which in some places took the skin with it, they told him to thank the barber through his speaking trumpet. In that he considered his mouth safe, and readily assented; but the moment he had his mouth open, a bucket was emptied into it, which gave him a throat full of salt water. He was asked a few questions afterwards, but knew better than to answer. The platform was then knocked away, and he soused into the hog'shead of water. This being unexpected at the moment, he must have thought himself overboard. A selvergee was then brought under his arms, and he was hoisted out; and his eyes being uncovered, he was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Neptune as one of their family, sworn in after the usual manner. That is, never to eat brown bread when he could get white; never to kiss the maid when he could kiss the mistress; never to drink New-England rum when he could get West India; never to eat muscles when he could get oysters, unless he liked them better—and many other foolish oaths. However it all answered for a frolic, and the fellow was let off after a drink of grog with Neptune.

The nine men were gone through with much in the same manner. Some of them got clear of a ducking by paying a bottle of rum; some were cunning not to answer the questions put to them, and kept their mouths clean. One being inquired of on his dismissal, if the razor was easy, replied that if they called it skinning it was pretty easy, but if they called it shaving it was hard. One of the oaths, which I ought not to have forgotten, was, they would conduct themselves with the utmost delicacy before Mrs. Neptune, who was several times rather shocked at some of their expressions; but after concluding, it was difficult to tell which was the most drunk, Neptune or his wife. It all ended very good-naturedly at sunset.

Capt. — at first was unwilling to indulge in such a frolic, but finally gave way to the crew, as it was an old custom, and we were on a long voyage where something lively appeared wanting. They promised not to go too far, and were therefore much more moderate than they frequently are."

No News. The monotonous gloom of "dull times" and stagnant business seems to be nowhere more visible than in the newspapers; unless perhaps we except the physiognomy of their unhappy chroniclers; and if the sons of the type have not longer countenances than their neighbors, it is only because they are from nature and habit a more merry and uncomplaining race of beings, and because their patience has been more severely disciplined by the unrequited labors of their thievish vocation. We know, indeed, of no mortal so punished to the extreme end of his wits, in these days of newsless tribulation, as a newspaper editor; whose task obliges him to glean from the sterile journals of the day something which shall serve as a placebo to the starving curiosity of his patrons. Or, what sinks him into still more hopeless despondence, he must cudgel his own brains for an article, the excogitation of which will perhaps furrow a new wrinkle in his brow, and which, after all his parturient labor, may turn out to be nothing else than an old lucubration of some brother editor, by whom it had been formerly decanted from the page of its author — so that what he verily believed to be the product of his own invention, proves to be only the dormant appropriation of his memory. The perpetually recurring period of publication comes round to demand his hebdomadal bill of fare, and his columns must be filled, *volens volens*, with a given quantity and variety of "Original and Selected." Like a Hebrew captive, he must furnish his prescribed "tale of brick," whether the requisite quantum of "straw" be supplied or withheld. He must gather and digest the news of the day, although there be not a particle of news afloat. And after all his laborious toil, he can at best serve up only an unsavory hash to readers, who are often remorseless enough to require at his board a racy and well flavored dish of novelty, without the least deduction on account of the dearth and famine, by which he is surrounded.

How wide and cheerless is the contrast between the present dull pacing times and those preterite, "spirit stirring" days of conscription and conquest, when the now defunct and almost forgotten Corsican was in the zenith of his glory, deluging Europe with blood, and filling the world with bulletins, which almost

choaked the press with news, and which at the same time yielded a golden harvest to printers, and feasted their readers with perpetual luxury. That was the blessed epoch, when a newspaper was a manual, which every man carried in his pocket;—an oracle which no man could sleep without consulting, and which was taken and paid for in many a hovel, that had never yet been furnished with a bible. An editor was then a personage of no ordinary distinction, and in the pride of patronage might sit in his easy chair, while he compiled for periodical dispensation the treasures, with which the last mails were loaded. Every inch of his journal teemed with some new birth of the preceding day, and its space was economized, as if it were worth its superfluous in gold. The demolition of an empire was stunted in his record to a single paragraph, the sack of a city despatched in a marginal note, and the dethronement of a king announced in two lines of postscript. How different, we repeat, are the present products of the press, which still issues its barren chronicles to dispense to the world the important intelligence, "that the last arrivals brought no news." Instead of such a treat as a battle, which strewn its arena with slaughter, shook down a throne, or changed the form of an ancient government, we are now dined upon a few items of State politics, a tale of love and murder, a diary of petty criminalities fresh from Court, together with a scrap of doggerel from some eleemosynary bard. It is true, our famished curiosity is sometimes fed with such luscious rarities as the details of a duel, in which two fools are made more ridiculous by proving themselves cowards. But this source of news is open in these latter days only while Congress is in session.—Salem Observer.

A punster, observing two deputy sheriffs running after an ingenious but distressed author, remarked, that it was a new edition of the 'Pursuit of Literature,' unbound, but hotpressed.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Woodstock. NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots of Land, in the town of Woodstock, and in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in bills committed to me, the subscriber, to collect, for the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three, in the respective sums following, to wit:—in the eastern part of said town, granted to Gorham Academy.

Owner's name.	No. of Lots.	Value.	Tax for 1823.	Delinquent Tax for 1822.	Total.
Unknown,	45	100	17	04	21 1-2
Unknown,	48	100	17 1-2	04	21 1-2
Unknown,	54	100	33	04	37 1-2
Unknown,	59	100	60	04	64 1-2
Unknown,	75	100	84	04	88 1-2
Unknown,	80	100	107 1-2	04	111 1-2
Unknown,	81	100	1 05	04	1 10
Unknown,	82	100	17 1-2	04	21 1-2
Unknown,	88	100	50	04	54 1-2
Unknown,—half 95	50	17	17 1-2	1 02	18 1-2
Unknown,	99	100	52 1-2	04	56 1-2
Unknown,	107	100	34	04	38 1-2
In the western part, granted to Dummer Academy, or J. Little.					
Unknown,—half 31	50	67	70		70

Unless said Taxes, and all intervening charges, are paid to the subscriber, on or before Monday, the twentieth day of June next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, so much of said lands as will pay the same, will then be sold at Public Vendue, as the law directs, at the store of John R. Briggs, Esq. in said Woodstock.

COLEMAN PERKINS,
Collector of Woodstock for 1823.
Woodstock, May 10, 1823. 3w 10*

G. C. LYFORD,

At the Court Street CHEAP STORE, Portland, HAS RECEIVED his Spring supply of NEW GOODS, which he engages to sell as cheap as ever, excepting FACTORY GOODS, which are some higher than formerly.

AMONG THE NEW GOODS ARE:
150 pieces British and American Calicoes; 50 pieces White Cambrics; 50 pieces plain and figured Muslins; 50 pieces Copperplates, and Furnitures; Canton Crapes; Crape Dresses and Shawls; Valencia and Raw Silk Mantles; figured and checked Cambrics and Muslins, for Dresses; Muslin and Gingham Robes; Furniture and Cambric Dimities; blue and yellow Nanings; Handkerchiefs, such as Flag and Black Silk, Gauze, Barage, Zelia and Fancy colored; London, Valencia, Marseilles and Black Silk Vestings; Parasols; Umbrellas, and Fans; black and slate Worsted Hose; white and colored Cotton Hose; Ribbons, a great variety; Linen Damasks; Long Lawns; Linen Cambrics; Plaid Silks; Black Silks; black and colored Laventines; Gros de Naples Silk; black and white Satins and Florences; Real Merino Shawls and Mantles; black, white, and green Italian Crapes; black, white, straw, pink and blue Pressed Crapes; British and Sea Island Cottons; Irish Linens; Brown and Black Linens; English Ginghams; broad and narrow Black Bombazines; Norwich Crapes; black and white Silk Hose; Beaver and Kid Wash Leather; black and white Silk Gloves; boxes Cat-Balls; Sewing Threads; Spool and Floss Cotton; Gimps, Cords, Sewing Silks, Twist, Buttons, Tapes, Pins, Bobbins, &c. &c.

ALSO,
Blue, Black and Mixt Broadcloths and Cus; simeres; Cassinets; Sattinets; Nankinets; Jeans; Colored Drilling; Flannels; Sheetings; Shirtings; Stripes; Denims; Bedtickings; Ginghams; Knitting Cottons; LEGHORN BON-NETS, &c. &c.

LIKEWISE,
100 dozen best manufactured Horn Combs;
100 French and American Parasols.
For Cash only.—20

Portland, May 1, 1823 44 6w

AUCTION.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, pursuant to license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Wednesday the fifteenth day of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Paris, so much of the Real Estate of John Gore, late of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, as of Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Esquire, decedent, as will produce the sum of sixty-one thousand and forty dollars, for the payment of debts and legal charges of said decedent, and incidental charges.

The real estate to be sold, consists of TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND, lying in common and undivided in township Numbered Seven, in the County of Oxford aforesaid, and adjoining the town of Rumford.

Conditions of sale to be made known at time and place of sale.

Said township is settling fast, and contains a population of more than two hundred inhabitants, and a good road is now made through the town.

CHRISTOPHER GORE, and } Executors.
SAMUEL GORE, }
By PETER C. VIRGIN, their Attorney.
May 17, 1825. 3w 40

To ALANSON MELLE, Esquire, one of the Justices of the Peace, in and for the County of Oxford, in the State of Maine:

HUMBLY show and represent the subscribers, being five of the Proprietors, and part owners of the Township of Land numbered five, in the third range of Townships in the County of Oxford aforesaid, that it is necessary that a meeting of all the Proprietors thereof, being Lands held in common and undivided, should be held—Wherefore, your petitioners pray your Honor to grant a warrant to call a meeting of said Proprietors, to be held at the store of Thomas Crocker, in Paris, in said County of Oxford, on Saturday, the eleventh day of June next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, for the following purposes, viz:

Firstly. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

Secondly. To choose a Clerk, Assessors, Collector and Treasurer of said Proprietors.

Thirdly. To take into consideration the state of said Township, and what is necessary to be done to promote its settlement and interest, and to decide and determine on measures and proceedings proper to be taken and followed for that purpose.

Fourthly. To determine whether the Proprietors will take any measures for opening a Road through said Township, and what encouragement and lands they will give to settlers, and what contracts they will make with settlers.

Fifthly. To raise all monies by assessments and other lawful means, for the necessary business and prudential affairs of said Township.

Sixthly. To determine what measures shall be taken for a proper division of the said Township among its respective Proprietors—and in what manner future meetings shall be called and notified, and where and at what times they shall be held.

Seventhly. To do and transact any other business which the Proprietors, when convened, may deem necessary to be done for the benefit of said Township and of said Proprietors.

And as in duty bound will ever pray, &c.
LEVI WILLARD,
JOSIAH WILLARD,
EDMUND TILSTON,
SIMEON FORD,
THOMAS L. PARKER.

Paris, April 28th, 1825.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss. To THOMAS L. PARKER, one of the Proprietors of Township Numbered Five, in the third Range of Townships, in the said County of Oxford, and one of the petitioners who subscribed the foregoing Petition,

GREETING.
YOU are hereby authorized and required, in pursuance of the foregoing application, in the name of the State of Maine, to notify the Proprietors of said Township, (being Land held in common and undivided,) in manner as the Law directs, to meet at the time and place and for the purposes mentioned in the foregoing application.

Given under my hand and seal, this twenty-eighth day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

ALANSON MELLE, Justice of the Peace.

NOTIFICATION.

In pursuance of the foregoing Warrant to me directed, I do hereby notify the Proprietors aforesaid to meet at the time and place, and for the purposes mentioned in the foregoing application, and this I do by advertising the same as the Law directs.

THOMAS L. PARKER.
Paris, April 28, 1825. 41 1dm

NEW AND CHEAP.

GEORGE HILL,
Court Street, PORTLAND, HAS JUST RECEIVED a large and extensive assortment of

FRESH IMPORTED GOODS:

CONSISTING OF
A great variety of plain and fancy figured Muslins; white and colored Cambrics; elegant Muslin and Cambric Calicoes; Ginghams; mourning ditto; black and colored Lustrings; stripe and check ditto; Merino and fancy silk; Handkerchiefs; flag, bandanna and black silk ditto; Gauze Veils; very cheap black and white Lace ditto; Green Crape and Ganze; Dinnettes, Is. yd.; British Shirting; Muslin and Gingham Gown Patterns; Raw Silk and Imitation Mantles and Shawls; Canton Crape Shawls and Mantles; Irish Linens; Long Lawns; Linen Cambric; Laces, Edgings and Insertings; black and white silk Lace; 6-4, 7-1, and 8-4 Table Linen; English and Russia Diaper; Ladies' and Men's' Gloves; cotton and worsted ditto; Parasols; Umbrellas; stripe and white Jeans; Blue Nankin; Vesting; black silk ditto; Tabby Velvets; Gimps; Bruids; Cord; Tapes; cotton and linen Floss; Cotton Braid; Sewing Silk and Twist; Boxes Pins; Needles; best quality; Buttons; Lacadole Pins; &c. &c.

ALSO, CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
American Shirting and Sheeting; Calicoes; Ginghams; Stripes; Checks; Sattinets.
All which, together with a great many other articles, are offered at wholesale and retail at the very lowest cash prices.

Portland, May 1825. 41 6w

All without is dark
No sound wakes to
The very stars seem
And look from out
As though afraid
Save, now and then
Not even the light
But the thick air
Oh! for some well
That Nature's self
The house dog's
Of morning's bird,
This unearthly
At such hour
Steal over the earth
The half-pence
Pleading terrible
The lightning flash
Looks like a glim
There Flies and
I know not what
A nameless horror
I'll look no more
For they are dark
Rebelling, the deep
Of some half mad
Poor simple songs
Within myself and

How lustreless
Of faded life, vi
Of midnight gloom,
And seems the ve
On earth's "rotin
Pats of her guard
And sits all cloth
And much we won
Her haggard form
Her gaze of gold;
Of ancient Sparta
Ambition's burnish
In the sun, and da
See it now all dim
And go'd with h
Looks lovelier for
Rond her brow co
And I feel even no
Are earth's gay va
With her possessio
Till the morning
Rise! 'tis a lovely th
I'd ye'er think,
How sweetly she c
Of sorrow and afflic
The bed of poverty
And prompt such

From the (Jom.)
LETTER

In an apartment
and paved with m
Christ appeared to
lezing the ascent
very lofty stone
floor of a beautifi
the midst of which
the same material
ate the Greek dis
priated to the Ca
shrouded by silk
small and elegant
is a painting of
one of the tal
cross. A number
ing, and throw a
whole of this strik
Calvary has a long
of the stone steps
cove's tread that
make room for the
though low was su
The very spot wa
It is a hole in the
and each pilgrim p
the greatest distor
strong as that of t
a few feet below
tread or within t
not defaced by pas
ing resolved to pas
possession for a fe
giving the gallery
beneath. As it g
again to the sun
after another had
departed. No foot
the scene. At int
below, was heard
with the solemn c
the death and suff
vice, pausing at t
ear, had an effect
stillness, the soft
belief of being wh
out his life, affect
a manner difficult
fled away fast, and
the sepulchre. He
ed on every part;
and the lately cro
was the moment al
rply, where "the
grave" were taken
Soon after dayligh
and continued the
fathers lamented
Greek revolution.
two Pachas, which
number of pilgrims
what it formerly w
dangerous. Three
to arrive every ye
one to the differen
treasure eaten up
Cut orders are oblig
One day we were
American patriarch
in an elegant apart
and venerable. T
rank to the great p
said but little, and
the and sweetest